Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee : the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well ? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about : I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I, prayſe them. *Prince.* *Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn* : this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe : for thou and I
Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time :
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words ! brave world ! *Hoſteſſe*, my breakfaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world :
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your ſelfe,
Nay taske me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and 'tis well : what lette
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your

Hot. Letters from him ? why come

Meſſ. He can not come, my Lord, h

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leiſure to
In ſuch a juſtling time ? who leads h
Under whoſe government come they

Meſſ. His letters beare his mind, nc

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe

Meſſ. He did my Lord, foure dayes
And at the time of my departure hence
He was much feard by his Phyſicion.

Wor. I would the ſtate of times had
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited :
His health was never better worth t

Hot. Sick now ? droope now ? this
The very life-blood of our enterpriz
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp
He writes me here, that inward ſickn
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not ſo ſoon be drawne, nor did
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remov'd, but on his ow
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſmer
That with our ſmall conjunction, w
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us
For, as he writes, there is no quailing
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes : what ſay you to

War. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a mai

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme
And yet, in faith it is not his preſent
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
To ſet the exact wealth of all our Sta
All at one caſt ? to ſet ſo rich a maine
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull
It were not good, for therein ſhould w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37